

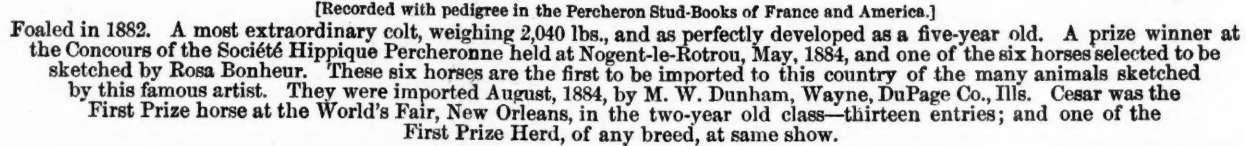
his efforts to improve them. He has a flock of large, square built animals, carrying a staple of good length and character, with only a fair amount of fleecing. The breeding ewes had come through the winter in good shape, and

POSTORIA, March 8th, 1885.

DR. PAAREN, State Veterinarian of Illinois, after consulting with Gov. Oglesby, decided to purchase and destroy the five Jersey cattle remaining in the herd of M. G. Clarke of Geneva, Ill., from which so much pleuro-pneumonia has been disseminated. This was done Monday of last week, and an autopsy of two of them by Drs. Paaren and Baker revealed chronic pleuro-pneumonia of long standing. In one of the cases both tuberculosis and pleuro-pneumonia existed.

to be offered, Bell Duke of Oakland 47469, which was sired by Benedict 42881, by Maszuka Duke 23904 out of Daisy Deane by 11th Duke of Hillsdale 13987. They range from a few months to two years old, are all red in color, and not a poor one in the lot.

When we come to the females of the herd there is not one that has not bred regularly when of sufficient age. Oxford Rose 3d, by 23d Duke of Airdrie 19893, out of imported Oxford Rose by King of the Roses (23043), is not only of high



The herd now owned by Mr. Brooks is composed of cattle which in his long experience as a breeder he found best adapted to the requirements of his business—vigorous, healthy, regular breeders, and good at the pail or on the block. Every breeding animal in it is such as he designed to retain for his own use had he continued in the business. His catalogue mentions 29 animals, of which 21 are females, and eight males, and those who attended the sale will be struck with the similarity of the individual members of the herd in general make up and color. The bull at the head of the herd is Oakland Rose of Sharon 44432, bred by Hon. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, sired by Lord Barington 34 30115, a bull bred by Avery & Murphy, of Detroit, sired by 23d Duke of Airdrie 18939, and out of Duchess of Bedford 3rd, by Duke of Oxford and Gloster (28439). On the dam's side Oakland Rose of Sharon traces through Miss Zameton to imp. Rose of Sharon by Belvedere (1706). All the young bulls to be offered are sired by this bull with one exception, Bell Duke of Oakland 47469, which was sired by Benedict 49851, by Mazurka Duke 23994 out of Daisy Deane by 11th Duke of Hillsdale 19387. They range from a few months to two years old, are all red in color, and not a poor one in the lot.

When we come to the females of the herd there is not one that has not bred regularly when of sufficient age. The 23d Duke, by 23d Duke of Airdrie 18939, out of imported Oxford Rose by King of the Roses (29249), is not only of high

rears, will be offered. The Aowash family, tracing to imp. Pomona by Bedford Jr. (1701), will have three representatives, one coming five, two two years old, and one will be a year old at time of sale. These three are all reds, one sired by Red Prince (24568), and the other two by Oakland Rose of Sharon 44452. The Bonnie Lass family trace to the cow Bonnie Lass, by Grand Duke of Moreton 5793, bred by F. W. Stone, and are a branch of the Adelaide family; a cow and a heifer calf, the first sired by Red Prince 25568, and the latter by Oakland Rose of Sharon 44452, will be offered. Another of Mr. Brooks' families, the Belle Mahone, will have three representatives, one eight years old, one two, and a December calf. This family has given Mr. Brooks some of the finest show cows he has ever put in the ring, and the three mentioned will not detract from the good name of the family in this respect. They come from the cow Belle Mahone, bred by Wm. Curtis & Sons, and sired by Plumwood Lad K. 94392. Harmony 3d, a three year old heifer, red with some white, was bred by L. Palmer of Sturgeon, Mo., and was sired by 5th Duke of Aklard 41734, a Renick Rose of Sharon bull, by 4th Duke of Geneva 7361. On the dam's side she traces to imp. Bloom 1st by Breadalbane (28078), a Cruikshank cow, and tracing to the best families of that noted breeder. In appearance she is a typical animal, low on the leg, straight in her lines, showing great substance, and with all the marks of a vigorous, growthy animal of fine quality. She is safe in calf.

These comprise the females of the herd, and make up as fine a lot of breeding stock as one could wish for. We look for a grand assemblage of breeders from all over the State on the 15th of next month, and we are sure that the dispersion of the herd will be a notable event in the history of Shorthorn breeding in this State.

Canadian farmers will ask Parliament not to increase the duty on flour, as it will add to the burdens of the people without increasing the price of wheat.

The system of making creamery butter¹ was first inaugurated by a man named Fairlamb, the same party known as the inventor of the Fairlamb can for the setting of milk. A factory is started at some point, by one person, or may be worked on the co-operative plan. It undertakes to supply the farmers who will sell their cream with cans and tanks to set the milk in, which still remain the property of the factory. Each farmer is supplied with sufficient cans to hold three milkings. The night's milk is set in one and the next day the agent from the factory comes along and skims the cans, leaving the milk with the farmer, sweet. The depth of cream is taken, and the price paid is the same as that paid for butter at the

muratic acid to one pail full of water, with which it was gone over after painting. Now whenever the weather changes the brick will become spotted with white on the south side of the house, and not elsewhere. The south side was put on when the thermometer indicated 90 deg. above zero. Has that any thing to do with causing the spotting, or what is the cause, and what can I do to prevent it? Will an application of water and acid, in the proportion as used first, be of any use? Would like an explanation of the cause, and way to prevent it, from some scientist. Would like to hear from Dr. Kedzie, or any one who has any knowledge on the subject.

Yours truly,
ADAM HAAS.

the farm and notice its delightful situation, the condition of the fences, and absence of bushes and briars from the place. The stock is well cared for, and what has been done, and see not one foot of waste land, we think it deserves its reputation as one of the best in town. The barns are ample and quite complete. The stock is all of the best and selected the last year into a spacious county mansion, is now full two stories, 28x28 and 21x30 feet, is handsomely finished, and well arranged. In this stock we notice first the flock of grade and registered ewes, of which we saw 325, none of which have latterly been used stock rams bred by E. J. & E. W. Hardy of Ocoela County. Most of the registered flock were sired by Fortune, who sheared 32 lbs. 24 oz., with a seven-year-old ewe, purchased by him in 1878 from Hatch & Losee of Darien, N. Y., was got by Victor, he by Hammond's old Victor, dam by Young Grimes 52, etc., tracing to Sweepstakes, to old Greasy and his dam, and to the sire of Greasy and his dams, trace to some of the best flocks of Western New York and have been heavy shearers, single ones shearing 174 and 191 lbs., and the whole flock averaging 141 lbs. The flock of registered ewes was got to the breeding of A. C. Moore & Son of Canton, Ohio; his investment with some other parties proved unfortunate for him, but he says now "all is right," and his stock on sale is No. 1. The grade parkers, seven-year-olds, and yearlings, and sired by mares were sired by Imp. Silver Mare. We had the pleasure of being taken over the country for a couple of days behind a spanking pair of young bay roadsters bred by J. W. Smith of Ocoela County, Paasaca, one of them a four year old mare, is owned by F. J. Amos, and is handsome, and sprightly, with plenty of life and spirit, and sired by Virin Go Bragh. The other is owned by Stone wall Jackson, a grand dam of Messenger blood, is rang strong limbed, good foot, powerful build, is level headed and can be, with

(Continued on eighth page.)

MICHIGAN FARMER

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P. B. BROMFIELD.

Manager of Eastern Office,

21 Park Row, New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1885.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 137,035 bu., against 65,328 bu. the previous week and 305,285 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 43,992 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,044,172 bu., against 1,030,993 bu. last week and 696,447 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of the grain on February 28 was 43,435,883 bu., against 43,056,392 bu. the previous week, and 31,073,960 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 330,491 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 28 were 817,150 bu., against 439,186 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 7,407,368 bu. against 4,907,854 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The past week has been quite an exciting one in the wheat market. Cable reports of the unsatisfactory state of existing relations between Russia and Great Britain respecting the boundaries of Afghanistan, and the erratic utterances of Bismarck in regard to the situation in the Sudan, put every one in a ferment. The wheat market was the first to feel the effects of these reports, and an advance of about 30 cents per bushel took place on Thursday in consequence. Values ruled steady the next day, but on Friday a decline set in which carried prices down again, finally closing steady on Saturday at 14 3/4c higher than at the close of the previous week. Yesterday this market was less active, and spot closed lower than on Saturday. Futures, however, were more active, and advanced from Saturday's prices. Chicago was active but unsettled, declining and then recovering, finally closing steady with futures 1/2c higher than on Saturday. No. 2 red at 77c and No. 2 soft at 85c. Liverpool was dull with light demand.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from Feb. 20 to March 9:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Feb. 20	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 21	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 22	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 23	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 24	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 25	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 26	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 27	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 28	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 29	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 30	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 31	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 1	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 3	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 4	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 5	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 6	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 7	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 8	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
" 9	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white wheat of the past week for the various days:

	March	April	May
Tuesday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
Wednesday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
Thursday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
Friday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
Saturday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
Sunday	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various days each day of the past week were as follows:

	March	April	May
Tuesday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
Wednesday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
Thursday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
Friday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
Saturday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2
Sunday	85 1/2	83 1/2	81 1/2

Since the scare of Thursday the market has ruled quieter, with prices working downwards. Advice favors a peaceful solution of the trouble over the Afghan frontier, but nearly every one believes Europe is liable to be the scene of a conflict at almost any moment. If Great Britain and Russia do not become involved in a quarrel over the eastern question, it will be by the exercise of great forbearance on the part of Great Britain, as Russia certainly seems willing to bring on hostilities at any favorable moment, when the war in the Sudan is giving the British plenty of employment. The Gladstone government appears, by its indecision, to have lost the prestige enjoyed by the British while Disraeli was directing its foreign policy. On the settlement of these difficulties depends to a great extent the future of the grain trade, and it is a very wise man indeed who can forecast with any certainty the course of the markets for a single week.

Another matter that will have considerable effect upon the question of the future of wheat is the condition of the growing crop, and as most of the winter wheat States are still covered with a heavy blanket of snow, that will not be determined for some weeks yet.

The foreign markets show no improvement, and the activity noted in our home markets did not extend to those of Great Britain, which are quoted dull and unchanged. It is reported that French dealers are laying in large stocks of wheat for the new duties to go into effect, but if so their purchases had little effect upon the markets.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	March 9	March 2
Wheat, No. 1 white	76. 0	76. 0
do No. 2 white	75. 0	75. 0
do No. 3 white	74. 0	74. 0
do No. 4 white	73. 0	73. 0
do No. 5 white	72. 0	72. 0
do No. 6 white	71. 0	71. 0
do No. 7 white	70. 0	70. 0
do No. 8 white	69. 0	69. 0
do No. 9 white	68. 0	68. 0
do No. 10 white	67. 0	67. 0
do No. 11 white	66. 0	66. 0
do No. 12 white	65. 0	65. 0
do No. 13 white	64. 0	64. 0
do No. 14 white	63. 0	63. 0
do No. 15 white	62. 0	62. 0
do No. 16 white	61. 0	61. 0
do No. 17 white	60. 0	60. 0
do No. 18 white	59. 0	59. 0
do No. 19 white	58. 0	58. 0
do No. 20 white	57. 0	57. 0
do No. 21 white	56. 0	56. 0
do No. 22 white	55. 0	55. 0
do No. 23 white	54. 0	54. 0
do No. 24 white	53. 0	53. 0
do No. 25 white	52. 0	52. 0
do No. 26 white	51. 0	51. 0
do No. 27 white	50. 0	50. 0
do No. 28 white	49. 0	49. 0
do No. 29 white	48. 0	48. 0
do No. 30 white	47. 0	47. 0
do No. 31 white	46. 0	46. 0
do No. 32 white	45. 0	45. 0
do No. 33 white	44. 0	44. 0
do No. 34 white	43. 0	43. 0
do No. 35 white	42. 0	42. 0
do No. 36 white	41. 0	41. 0
do No. 37 white	40. 0	40. 0
do No. 38 white	39. 0	39. 0
do No. 39 white	38. 0	38. 0
do No. 40 white	37. 0	37. 0
do No. 41 white	36. 0	36. 0
do No. 42 white	35. 0	35. 0
do No. 43 white	34. 0	34. 0
do No. 44 white	33. 0	33. 0
do No. 45 white	32. 0	32. 0
do No. 46 white	31. 0	31. 0
do No. 47 white	30. 0	30. 0
do No. 48 white	29. 0	29. 0
do No. 49 white	28. 0	28. 0
do No. 50 white	27. 0	27. 0
do No. 51 white	26. 0	26. 0
do No. 52 white	25. 0	25. 0
do No. 53 white	24. 0	24. 0
do No. 54 white	23. 0	23. 0
do No. 55 white	22. 0	22. 0
do No. 56 white	21. 0	21. 0
do No. 57 white	20. 0	20. 0
do No. 58 white	19. 0	19. 0
do No. 59 white	18. 0	18. 0
do No. 60 white	17. 0	17. 0
do No. 61 white	16. 0	16. 0
do No. 62 white	15. 0	15. 0
do No. 63 white	14. 0	14. 0
do No. 64 white	13. 0	13. 0
do No. 65 white	12. 0	12. 0
do No. 66 white	11. 0	11. 0
do No. 67 white	10. 0	10. 0
do No. 68 white	9. 0	9. 0
do No. 69 white	8. 0	8. 0
do No. 70 white	7. 0	7. 0
do No. 71 white	6. 0	6. 0
do No. 72 white	5. 0	5. 0
do No. 73 white	4. 0	4. 0
do No. 74 white	3. 0	3. 0
do No. 75 white	2. 0	2. 0
do No. 76 white	1. 0	1. 0
do No. 77 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 78 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 79 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 80 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 81 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 82 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 83 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 84 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 85 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 86 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 87 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 88 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 89 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 90 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 91 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 92 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 93 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 94 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 95 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 96 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 97 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 98 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 99 white	0. 0	0. 0
do No. 100 white	0. 0	0. 0

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 124,555 bu., against 83,155 bu. the previous week, and 100,517 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 77,315 bu. The visible supply in the country on Feb. 28 amounted to 6,506,438 bu., against 5,486,411 bu. the previous week, and 13,045,641 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,020,047 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,661,304 bu., against 1,552,980 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 13,471,156 bu., against 4,607,884 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 36,027 bu., against 73,462 bu. last week and 139,550 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn has ruled unsettled all the week, values fluctuating, but within narrow limits. At the close of the week prices were about 1/2c per bu. higher on both spot and futures in the leading markets. With the small stocks "in sight" and the activity of the export trade, it is a wonder values are not stronger. They are undoubtedly held in check by the low prices of wheat. No. 2 corn is quoted here at 44c, new mixed at 43c, and high mixed at 42c. Street prices range from 40 to 42c per bu. The Chicago market has been unsettled, but generally tended toward higher prices. Quotations in that market were 38 1/2c per bu. for No. 2 spot, 38 1/2c for March delivery, 38 1/2c for April, and 41c for May, closing steady. The Toledo market is dull at 43c per bu. for No. 2 spot, 43c for March and 43 1/2c for May. The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted firm at 4s. 6d. per cental for new mixed, and 4s. 8d. for old do., a decline of 1/4d. on new, and no change on old mixed from the prices reported a week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 23,903 bu., against 10,240 bu. the previous week, and 17,375 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 8,116 bu. The visible supply of this grain on February 28 was 2,906,887 bu., against 4,487,993 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 32,935 bu., against 27,274 bu. the previous week, and 44,416 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were 193,181 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 408,047 bu., against 1,466 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 438,833 bu. during the week. This market has ruled quiet but very steady all week, but prices are slightly higher than at date of last report. No. 2 white are quoted at 34c, No. 2 mixed at 33c, and light mixed at 32c per bu. The Chicago market is quoted quiet, steady, and slightly higher than a week ago. Spot No. 2 mixed are selling at 27c, April delivery at 27c, and May at 31 1/2c. The Toledo market is reported dull and neglected, and no sales reported upon which to quote prices. The New York market has advanced during the week, and after reacting from the best points reached, finally closed slightly higher than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: No. 1 mixed, 37c; No. 2 do., 35 1/2c; No. 3 do., 32c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 40c; No. 3 do., 37c; No. 2 do., 35 1/2c; No. 1 white, 40c; Western white, 39c; State white, 39 1/2c; State mixed, 39c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

There have been free receipts of butter the past week, but generally of second or third rate quality. Commission men report they can hardly get enough stock of even fair quality to supply their trade, although they are loaded up with stock. For the best of the receipts 16c is paid, while second quality is selling at 12 1/2c per lb., according to its degree of badness. Some low grade stock is selling at 6c. Creamery is seldom offered in the market, and is quoted at 25c. Butter substitutes are selling at 14c in a small way, but there is little business doing. The low price of genuine butter is driving manufacturers out of the market. At Chicago a slight improvement is noted in the outlook but dealers fear it is only temporary. Prices are unchanged. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 32c; choice, 30c; fair to choice do., 25c; choice dairy, 23c; 26c; fair to good do., 17c; common grades, 15c; packing stock, 8c. The New York market seems to be very unsettled, with values tending downward. The outlook does not appear promising for holders of medium, or low grade stock, which is offered in large quantities and, better terms than those quoted. Exporters are doing little, claiming there is no margin upon which to operate. Local dealers are taking a fair amount of the better grades of stock, but even these show signs of weakness. Quotations on State stock are as follows:

	March	April	May
Creamery, fancy, etc.	31	32	33
Creamery, prime	29	30	31
Creamery, fair to good	27	28	29
Creamery, ordinary	25	26	27
State half-fat milk and butter, fancy	23	24	25
State half-fat milk and butter, choice	21	22	23
State half-fat milk and butter, fair to good	19	20	21
State half-fat milk and butter, ordinary	17	18	19
State, whole, choice to prime	15	16	17
State, whole, ordinary	13	14	15
State, whole, low grade	11	12	13

Western stock is weak except for the very choicest grades of Elgin creamery, which is in demand to meet local requirements:

	March	April	May
Western imitation creamery, choice	18	19	20
Western do, good to prime	16	17	18
Western do, ordinary to fair	14	15	16
Western dairy, fine	12	13	14
Western dairy, good	10	11	12
Western dairy, ordinary	8	9	10
Western factory, fair to good	6	7	8
Western factory, ordinary	4	5	6
Rolls, fair to good	2	3	4

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending Feb. 28 were 135,974 lbs., against 379,401 lbs. the previous week, and 167,513 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1884 were 419,150 lbs.

Cheese is weakening in the eastern markets, is steady but quiet here, and firm in the west, notably at Chicago. There is no change in figures here, but there is more full cream stock that brings only 11 1/2c per lb. than formerly, while some brands are yet quoted at 13 1/2c. Very little cheese is moving here. At Chicago there is a fair demand at the quotations

of a week ago, and holders showing considerable firmness. Full cream and fine skims are most active. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddar, 11c; 12c; full cream flat, two in a box, 11c; 12c; Young America, full cream, 12c; 13c; cheese skimmed, 5c; skimmed, poor to good, 2c; 3c; damaged, 1c. The New York market is in a condition of chronic weakness, the result of heavy stocks and a light movement of stock. The home demand is fair, but it is largely confined to particular grades. The foreign markets are dull, and Liverpool is over-stocked with American cheese. Quotations in the New York market yesterday were as follows:

	March	April	May
State factory, fancy	13	14	15
State factory, full cream, choice	11	12	13
State factory, full cream, fair to good	9	10	11
State factory, full cream, ordinary	7	8	9
State factory, full cream, prime to choice	5	6	7
State factory, light skims, good	3	4	5
State factory, light skims, fair to good	1	2	3
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, fair to good	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, fair to good	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, fair to good	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, fair to good	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, fair to good	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, ordinary	0	1	2
State factory, light skims, prime to choice	0	1	2</

Chestnut Whites.
A. MOSS, CHAPEL, "River Grove" a farm Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeds a shipper of pure-bred Improved Chestnut White best strains. Stock for sale. 1917

C. A. SEARING, Proprietor of the Grove Stock Farm, Lyons, Iowa Co., breeds and ships the choicest strains of Ohio White hogs. Stock for sale not skin. Also ship horn cattle. Correspondence solicited.

JOSEPH LINDSAY, Fairlawn Farm, Otsego Co., Allegan Co., breeder and shipper of Improved Chester Whites. Also Bronco Truck Light Brablers. Bred and shipped the White Crested Black Polish, Golden Pouter Chinese Geese. Write for what you want.

T. H. HALL, Rath, Clinton Co., breeds

W. IMPROVED CHESTER WHITE SWINE; all breeders of stock recorded. Stock for sale cheap. Correspondence solicited. (Jan)

W. W. TURBS, Delhi Mills, Washington, D. C., breeder of pure Suffolk and Chester White Swine. Choice stock for sale. (Jan)

Cheshires.

L. W. FITCH, Howell, Livingston Co., N. Y., breeder of thoroughbred Cheshires. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. (Jan)

W. TITSWORTH, Millington, Tuscaloosa Co., Ala., breeder and shipper of Improved Chester White—a specialty. Order early. Correspondence solicited. (Jan)

HORSES.—Draft and Trotting

A **LONZO SESSIONS**, Grand River Vt. Stock Farm, Ionia, breeder of Cleveland Coach and Roadster horses. Imported males in the stud. Dale

A **PHILLIPS**, Danvers, Ingham Co. breeder of Oldenbreds horses. Imported Barri more, Young Chancello, Young Mamie, Young Campsie in the stud. Young stallions stock for sale. Jyl

A **W. HAYDON**, Decatur, Van Buren Co. breeder of full-blood Percheron horses. The head of stud is imported Chere, winner four first prizes and gld medals in France,

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Poetry

THE PLAIN OF THE DESOLATE.

I've toiled with my hands till the long day is done
But there's nobody glad for the bread I have won;
Nobility smiles when I reach my lone room,
Nobility whispers, "I'm glad you have come;"
Nobility lingers with tenderest care
To brush back the locks of my damp, clustering hair;

No one, with accents so loving, will say,
"Darling, you're weary enough for to-day;"
Though my shoulder is bowed by the burden it bears,
And I am so weary—there's "nobody cares."

Father and mother are cold in the tomb,
With brother or sister for me there's no room;
Child death seems my only attendant to be,
For lover and friend both for me have fled;
The broad streets are full of the young and the gay.

Who notice me not as I pass on my way;
I see their bright smiles and their kind, loving eyes,
I hear their fond welcome, their tender good byes;
But nobody asks how the poor toiler fares;
O, I am so lonely—yet "nobody cares."

Thus lonely and sorrowing, day after day,
I must walk as I can on my dearest way;
I must seek ever more for my pittance of bread;
To nurture the life where all pleasure lies dead;
No bright hope is budding in beauty for me,
No light on the shores of the future I see;
So soon I shall rest, for my work will be done,
And then I'll say when death's pallor my sunken cheeks wears,
"Poor thing! she is dead!" but there's "nobody cares."
—Massachusetts Ploughman.

RETURN OF THE FISHING FLEET.

There's light upon the sea to-day
And gladness on the strand;
Ah, well ye know what hearts are gay
When sails draw nigh the land.
We followed them with thoughts and tears,
Far, far across the foam;
Dear Lord, it seems a thousand years
Until the boats come home.

We tend the children, live our life,
And toll, and mend the net;
But is there ever maid or wife
Whose faithful heart forgets?
We know what cruel dangers lie
Beneath that shining foam,
And watch the changes in the sky
Until the boats come home.

There's glory on the sea to-day,
The sunset gold is bright;
Methought I heard a grandiose say,
"At eve it shall be light."

O'er waves of crystal touched with fire
And flakes of pearl foam,
We gaze—and see our heart's desire—
The boats are coming home.

Miscellaneous.

COUNTY-COURT.

Doctor Andrew Threipland seated himself in his surgery and passed his fingers thoughtfully through his heavy brown hair. It was a favorite gesture; and nothing could be more becoming than the way in which his sunny locks rose from his white forehead and then fell rippling over it again, as the long fingers parted them.

Perhaps the Doctor knew this. If he did not, his lady-patients did; and, how ever they may have differed about other things, they were pretty generally agreed that there was not another man in all London who could see a head of hair as Doctor Threipland—or such a fine face as his.

He lifted it carelessly from the ground, upon which it had dropped, and opened it slowly. The letters were irregular, as if written with a shaking hand.

"DEAR SIR—My brother is very ill! Will you come and see him at once?"

"Yours truly,
COUNTESS CAPEL."

"Countess!" he repeated. "What a funny name!" And then, almost in the same breath—"By George! it must be that sister of Mr. Morris Capel. What cheek!"

A glance at the address of the letter and then at his day-book having shown him that it was the same person, the Doctor hastily scribbled a reply.

"Doctor Threipland presents his compliments to Miss Capel, and begs to inform her that it is not his custom to give attendance to those who have not paid their former account, especially when it has been placed in a collector's hands."

"Well, you must take them all to the County Court," he said at last, leaning back upon his chair.

"I don't think it would be any good to County Court Mr. Morris Capel. I have tried him a dozen times, and he won't pay," answered the other occupant of the surgery, a dark, shabby-looking man.

"Then he ought to be made to pay. I can't afford to lose my fees," rejoined the Doctor, with an expression on his face that would have astonished some of his patients could they have seen it.

"But he would most likely defend the case on the ground that he was not responsible for his sister's debts."

"Then let the sister pay her own debts—unless she is a rogue too."

"I believe she'd pay if she could; but she has only what she makes by giving music-lessons."

"People can always find money somewhere if they're made to do it."

"But, if I did press and get an order, you would hardly like to put her in jail."

"It is where people ought to be in jail who obtain medical advice without the means or intention of paying for it. But wipe it out if you think it can't be recovered, and take proceedings against the others at once."

The debt-collector promised, and left the surgery.

"The Doctor is as hard as a flint," he said to himself. "I wonder what he would say if he knew I had never once asked Mr. Capel or his sister for the money? The Doctor can afford to lose it, a good deal better than they can to pay it, and I'm not the one to worry them by their paltry seven-and-sixpence, after their kindness to the children."

So saying, Mr. Smith shuffled off to the public-house round the corner, happy in the consciousness of having, as he thought, done a kind action at the cost of a small commission to himself and a few shillings to his patron. Of the falsehood he had told to gain his end he thought nothing at all; nor did it once enter his mind that he was doing Mr. Capel any injury by giving Doctor Threipland a false impression of his character. The

chief end of his own life being to force debtors to pay, he naturally thought that the chief end of theirs was to evade payment, and that, if the end were gained, they did not care what means were used. And indeed the experience he had had of them had gone far to justify this theory.

Doctor Threipland leaned back in his chair after Mr. Smith was gone, and again he passed his long, sinewy fingers through his sunny hair. His slight irritation soon ceased, and the hard lines disappeared from his face. If other people had failed in their duty, he had done his, and had found it profitable.

Seven years ago this very day he had come to London an assistant to a general medical practitioner. He had been poor and unknown then; now he had a large and increasing practice of his own, and his bank account was increasing also. He had not succeeded without a struggle; but indomitable pluck and perseverance, combined with his skill and pleasant exterior, had carried him upward. He had plenty of tact, too, and could stoop to conquer, if need be, though it might go sorely against the grain.

People said Dr. Threipland ought to marry. He thought so himself; but hitherto he had been too busy providing the means for keeping a wife to bestow much thought on who she was to be. He had decided that the lady must have good looks, good means, and be of good position; but, though several ladies on his list of patients filled all these requirements, his choice had not yet fallen on any one of them. Still it was a satisfaction to know that there were eligible ladies to be had for the asking.

No wonder the Doctor felt a glow of satisfaction as he leaned back on his chair and reviewed the past seven years. And the record of this last day—the septenary—was satisfactory also. He had—as the children's hymn says—finished his business with patience and care, and been good and obliging and kind, not only to the patients who repaid his kindness with gratitude, but also to those who looked upon their doctor in the light in which they did their tailor, and considered that, when they had paid him his bill with some grumbling, they had done their duty by him quite as fully as he had done his by them.

Even to those whom he hardly expected to pay him till pressure was put upon them the Doctor had not to-day been harsh, only cool and curt, or else brusque, and perhaps a trifle disrespectful, which was quite good enough treatment for those who were capable of treating him so shabbily.

"Oh, Andy, my dear, here is a letter that was left for you in the forenoon! Mary took it in as the boy was out, and I quite forgot about it till now!"

It was the Doctor's sister who had broken in upon his reverie. She was a tall, fair woman, older than Doctor Threipland, and far from being as handsome. She had a large nose and a large mouth, and though her eyes were large and too, they looked small, as they were in a chronic state of being half closed with laughter. Mab Threipland and her brother smiled affectionately on each other as he held out his hand for the letter which she playfully tossed to him.

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The Doctor did not wish to see it; but he was so taken by surprise that he had shaken hands—though very coldly—at most before he was aware. Miss Capel saw his hesitation and regretted her demonstration of friendship. She could not have told why she had offered him her hand, when at heart she was boiling over with rage at his insulting note, except that she felt friendly in spite of her rage, and was resolved that he should come to see her brother.

She had liked him when he had visited her, and felt that he was one whom she could trust. She thought he could be kind; but she knew he could be kind, and was determined that in her case he should "act up" to the nobility of the face that had won her confidence. But the hard lines and cold eyes were discouraging, and her voice trembled as she said—

"Dr. Threipland, there has been some mistake—I did not know that you had put my account in the collector's hands."

"You knew it was owing, I presume? It was sent in again and again, and no notice was taken of it."

"I was wrong; but I am new to London, and did not know it ought to be paid at once; and, not wishing to trouble Morris, I waited till I should have some money of my own."

"Well, I make it a rule, as I told you in my note, never to attend where my account is unpaid. You are complete strangers to me."

The voice was harsh, his tone was harsher, and his face was the harshest of all. He had risen, and was standing as if waiting for her to go, and the marked courtesy of his manner stung Miss Capel to the quick. Before her there rose the memory of a quiet country home, where she had been hedged in by love and respect from the hard usage of the world, and of a kind old friend there who had never kept any count of the constant visits he had paid through long illness that had ended at last in the death of both father and mother. But she was just even in her resentment; she knew that things must be different in London, and that she ought to have remembered that; and, in spite of a lump that was rising in her throat, she answered, as composedly as if wrangling with a doctor about his bill were quite a common occurrence with her—

"I will pay you the day after to-morrow, Dr. Threipland. I cannot promise it sooner; but I promise to pay you then—and you must come and see my brother now."

"There are other doctors you can get to see him," he answered, not willing to trust to a promise when he knew from experience how often such promises were broken.

"I have told him you were coming, and it would excite him to know that you had refused. He is very ill, and you must come!" she repeated, with a tight clenching of her ungloved hand, as a sudden passionate desire to seize him by the collar and drag him away without any further loss of time sprang up in her heart, her dark eyes glittering dangerously.

Doctor Threipland would not have succeeded so well in his profession had he not been a quick observer; neither the clinching of the hand nor the glitter of the eyes escaped him, and the reason she gave for her persistency made him think better of her.

"She understands something of illness," he said to himself; "and, though I shall most likely find myself a fool for my pains, I think I will trust her."

But there was no softening of his manner as he said aloud—

"Then, on your promise to pay me the day after to-morrow, I will go. When was your brother taken ill, and what is the matter?"

She answered his questions briefly, and, on his promising to be with her brother in ten minutes, she thanked him in a tone as cold as his own, and left the surgery. He had not asked her to sit down and he had kept his own seat at first while talking to her. He was hardly conscious of either fact himself; but she had noted both; and, despite her thankfulness that she had gained her point, there went up a passionate cry from her heart—"Oh that I may live to humiliate that man as he has humiliated me this day!"

Doubly Place was hardly more than a stone's throw from Doctor Threipland's. It consisted of a row of small houses facing a long disused graveyard. A few tombstones still stood; but for the most part the rank grass alone marked where the dead were laid. At each corner of the ground and along one side however there were trees which gave a pleasant shade, and the Capels preferred the quiet place to a noisy street with houses staring at them from across the way.

Countess—or County, as her mother had called her—stopped at one of the first houses in the row, and letting herself in quietly with a latchkey, threw her bonnet and jacket upon the hall table; then, trying to remove all trace of agitation from her face, she entered a parlor where Morris was lying on a horsehair sofa.

He opened his eyes when he heard her come in. They were brilliant with fever, and his breathing was difficult.

"What can be keeping the doctor?" he in a querulous voice.

"He was out when the note was left, dear, but he will be here in a few minutes now."

Morris did not ask how she knew, and fortunately he had no suspicion of the difficulty County had experienced in procuring him medical advice. He had been in great pain all the previous night, and County had supported him in his arms while he labored for breath. He had been so much better in the morning that he would not allow her to send for the doctor; but later in the day she had sent without consulting him, and when she told him what she had done, he seemed glad.

In the afternoon he had become much worse, and she was just going to send another message to Doctor Threipland when his note was put into her hand.

Doctor Threipland kept his promise. Ten minutes had not elapsed when County heard his knock at the door. She opened it herself; and, asking abruptly if her brother was in the parlor, he walked in there before her. But, when his

eyes fell upon the sick man his whole manner changed, and his tone became winning almost to tenderness as he put his hand on Morris' forehead and asked him how he felt.

His touch seemed to do Morris good; his irritability subsided as he answered the Doctor's questions; and County, watching the kind, penetrating eyes that nothing escaped, and listening to the pleasant and cheerful voice assuring him that he would be well again in a few weeks, felt that, cruel though Doctor Threipland had been to her, Morris could have no kinder or more skillful physician.

When he was leaving, she followed him into the hall and closed the parlor door after her, thinking he might have something to say about her brother which he would not wish him to hear. But Doctor Threipland did not approve of private conferences in halls and lobbies when he knew that a patient would be straining his ears to catch every word that was said, and imagining his case far worse than what it really was because it was not spoken of openly in his presence. So, when poor County asked him, with a sinking heart, how he thought her brother was, he answered, in the words which he had already used, that he had an attack of pleurisy, and would require care, but would be well again in a few weeks.

Then repeating his directions as to mustard-plasters and medicine, he took his leave, giving her a careless nod without removing his hat, while he kept his hand well back as if afraid she would offend her ears.

"He need not have been afraid!" she thought indignantly. "I will never offer to shake hands with him again as long as I live."

"I wonder if she will keep her word," thought the Doctor. "I am in for it now, if he will not pay for the poor fellow I have undertaken to cure."

Doctor Threipland found his patient rather better when he called the next day. Miss Capel opened the door for him as before, and he passed her with the same careless, disrespectful air. He never addressed her, except to ask some questions about her brother, and then his tone was icy cold; but to Morris he was as kind as if he had been his brother; and once, when he had been making some playful remark to his patient, and turned round to give some directions about the medicine, with the pleasant gleam still lingering in his clear gray eyes, she could not help thinking, "I could forgive him anything if he looked like that at me."

Miss Capel's bow was as cool as the doctor's own when he was leaving; but there was a great fear at her heart—a fear that she would not be able to keep her promise of payment the next day. She had left her landlady in charge of Morris that morning while she went to see a lady who owed her a small sum for music lessons; but she had found that her employer had gone into the country, and would not be back for a week. There was no one else to whom she could apply, and she had only one shilling in her purse.

Doctor Threipland saw the trouble shadowing her face.

"I don't believe she is going to pay me to-morrow," he said to himself.

He was sure of it when he came on the following day. Miss Capel's eyes fell when he looked at her, and with an air of embarrassment she sat turning the turquoise ring on her finger all the time he was there. She had her face to the light, so that he could not see his expression—the Doctor himself always sat with his back to the window that he might make his observations without his own face being too closely scrutinized. When he rose to go, she sat still instead of following him into the hall, and when he looked full at her, she did not raise her head.

"So much for trusting to a woman's promise," he muttered, as he let himself out and strode away.

And Miss Capel, watching him from behind the window-curtain, cried in her heart, "What shall I do? What can I do? He will lose all respect for me unless I pay him, and no man ever treated me with disrespect before."

The next morning Doctor Threipland had a note from Miss Capel, apologizing for the non-fulfillment of her promise, and begging him not on that account to give up his attendance on her brother.

The Doctor was very angry when he read it—angry that she had not kept her word, and angry that she should seem to suppose that money was a primary object with him. In the afternoon, when Miss Capel opened the door for him, she raised her eyes deprecatingly to his face, "I was afraid perhaps you would not come," she said.

"I would have come at any rate," he answered; and, if his tone was ice before, it was ice and steel now and everything else that was cold and hard and repellent.

County felt as if she almost hated him. But, when she saw him so gentle and winning with Morris, she changed her mind, and thought him the most lovable man she had ever seen.

That evening Doctor Threipland had a third note from her.

"More apologies, I suppose," he said, with a sneer, as he lifted it from his desk; and then he found that there was money inside the envelope.

Yes, there was the amount of his bill at last. And it was not all in half-crowns, as it ought to have been, but was partly made up of single shillings and sixpences, as if to emphasize the paltriness of the amount. One of the sixpences had a hole through it. He remembered that Miss Capel had a sixpence suspended from the ribbon that she wore as a watch-guard.

"Surely this cannot be the same?" he thought. "They have no appearance of being in such poverty as that."

And, whistling softly to himself, he slipped the sixpence into his waistcoat-pocket before he looked at the note that accompanied the money. It was, properly speaking, not a note at all, but simply a brief memorandum, written in a firm, clear hand—

"With Miss Capel's compliments, and thanks to Doctor Threipland for a painful and humiliating lesson."

The Doctor's brow flushed as he read it; he was beginning to feel that he had

been needlessly harsh with one who perhaps deserved kinder treatment.

Miss Capel opened the door for him as usual on his next visit. He stood back to allow her to pass into the parlor before him; and as he did so, he noticed for the first time what a finely formed head she had, and how soft and glossy were the dark braids that adorned the back of it.

She was perfectly self-possessed and nonchalant in her manner, it was the Doctor who was embarrassed to-day, and he had some difficulty in disguising it.

The sixpence was gone from Miss Capel's watch-guard; but it was not until he had taken his gloves from the table in token of departure that he observed that the ring was gone from her finger as well.

She saw him looking fixedly at her hand, and knew that he missed the ring, and the slowly-coming color began to creep painfully into her pale cheek. Her confession only betrayed the truth he had only half suspected; she had parted with her betrothal-ring to raise money to pay him!

Doctor Threipland felt remorseful, and heartily wished he had not made such a point of his bill being paid. He would have liked to return her the money, and tell her he was in no hurry for it; but she might feel herself insulted if he did so, after what had passed; and now that he had begun to see how greatly she respected herself, he dared not risk offending her afresh.

Miss Capel had recovered her self-command almost immediately, and stood waiting to bow the Doctor out. Without looking at her he extended his hand in what for him was a shamefaced manner.

It was her turn to hold back now. Her head went up, and for a moment he thought she would refuse; but when she thought of his kindness to Morris, gratitude prevailed over resentment, and she put her hand into his with a little smile.

For an instant their eyes met, and two true-hearted beings look each other frankly in the face.

From that moment Andrew Threipland and Countess Capel were friends.

"Your sister is engaged to be married, is she not? I think I have noticed that she wears a ring on what young ladies call the engaged finger;" and as Doctor Threipland asked the question in a careless, off-hand manner, his long fingers played with a thin silver coin that dangled at his watch chain.

They were in the old position—Morris lying on the sofa, and the Doctor beside him with his back to the light. But it was the flush of health, and not of fever, that was on the young man's face now, and he puffed at a wooden pipe as they talked—the very picture of indolent enjoyment.

Morris' illness had been sharp, and his convalescence slow and very trying, both to himself and County. He was quick and impatient by nature, and weakness fretted and made him irritable; sometimes he would think himself much better than he really was, and insist on doing things he knew would hurt him, and then at others he would be as persistently downhearted, declaring that he was no better and never would be better, and that nobody cared whether he was or not.

County petted and humored and controlled him, like a good nurse, but often his own heart was very heavy, and to the anxiety about his health was added the anxiety as to how they were to live without his salary.

She had neglected her music lessons, too, that she might attend on him, and this of itself made a serious difference in their small income. But still they had lived somehow, and Morris had never wanted for anything during his illness, whatever County herself might have done.

With an ever-increasing respect, Doctor Threipland had noticed all her patience and love during those dark days; and he had noted, too, that her pale cheeks flushed and her languid eyes brightened when he came, and that Morris himself did not welcome him more warmly than County had learned to do.

The Doctor's visits seemed to bring sunshine into the shabby room. Morris' face would lose its weary, fretful look as soon as he entered, and forgetting his weakness and depression, he would be entranced by talking and laughing before he knew what he was doing; and then the weight of anxiety would be lifted from County's brow, and she, too, would be merry in a quiet way, and make quaint little remarks that the Doctor would find recurring to him days afterwards.

But somehow he never thought of repeating County's sayings for the entertainment of others, although he often amused his patients with stories he had picked up on his rounds.

County's esteem for the Doctor increased daily, and she was glad to think that the esteem was mutual; she knew from an occasional word or look that she had won his respect and approbation.

Doctor Threipland seemed to have quite forgotten the disagreeable incident at the beginning of their acquaintance. County had not forgotten it; but she had ceased to remember it against him, and, having redeemed her ring as soon as possible, had never told Morris how and why she had parted with it.

The Doctor had still continued his visits after Morris had quite recovered, and often dropped in of an evening to chat with her. County was usually at home when he called. Sometimes she sat at her sewing, a little apart, putting in a word only now and then, to which the Doctor always listened with marked attention. It was pleasant to County to have her words harkened to thus—the pleasantest because she was not accustomed to it, for Morris was in the habit of interrupting and contradicting her without ceremony. Sometimes when she raised her head from her work, she would find the Doctor's eyes fixed upon her; and then she would smile frankly at him as if he were Morris, and go on with her work again. This evening, however, she had gone to give a music-lesson, and so Dr. Threipland had an opportunity of asking a question that had been often on his lips of late, although he told himself that the answer could not concern him in the least.

Morris laughed when he heard the question.

"She is rather engaged not to be married," he said. "It was I who gave her that ring and a lucky sixpence, which I think she has lost; and we promised each other that we would never marry but live together all our lives."

The Doctor stooped for a crooked pin that he saw on the carpet, and began carefully to straighten it.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said; and he whistled softly to himself. After a little, he jumped up quickly, saying he must be going.

"Won't you wait till County comes in?" asked Morris.

"No, my dear lad; I have some visits to pay yet. Good night!"—and, seizing his hat, he went off in a great hurry.

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VOLUME XVI

CONTENT

Agricultural.—Notes by the W
Shearing—Fertilizers for Co
Light Sails in the Upper Pen
Sale in Western Michigan...
The Horse.—A Good and a Ba
Gossip.....
The Farm.—Farmers' Associa
ture—Agricultural Hems....
Horticultural.—Wheat Ecan W
Small Fruits—Washington Co
Society—Better Prospects than
Peach Belt—The March of the
The Coffee Tree—Horticultur
Applarian.....
Editorial.—Wheat—Corn and C
wool—Wool—The Wool Questio
ner Sheep-Breeders' Associatio
Wood Notes—Stock Notes.....
Michigan—

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